

# RUN BY THE BOSSES

Democratic Party Dominated by the Caucus.

Machinery Handled Relentlessly to Crush Opposition—Genuine Discussion on Important Measures an Impossibility.

Out of office the Democratic party is always a zealous champion of freedom, including free methods of carrying on public business. Then it is strongly in favor of the most liberal conduct of debates in congress. It stands for the abolition of caucus rule whenever its own caucus decisions have no power to shape legislation.

In office there is a remarkable transformation. The party of freedom becomes despotic. It uses the most rigorous methods of smothering opposition to the decrees of its leaders. Its machinery is handled relentlessly to crush those who dissent from the policies of its bosses.

Senator Cummins told the truth, in the United States senate, when he declared that the course which was being followed by the Democratic majority in that body in respect to the currency bill was autocratic and practically destructive of real debate, and deprived the senate of any other participation in vital legislation than the empty form of ratifying caucus decisions. It was true, as he said, that the bill had virtually been passed in the Democratic caucus and all genuine discussion had ended there, as far as the ultimate fate of the measure was concerned.

It is nothing new in American government. It is not revolutionary. There is nothing worse than the methods which have long prevailed. But it is wholly antagonistic to the declarations and "official" principles of the Democratic party. In that respect the practice of the Democratic leaders now in power mocks the professions of a long series of Democratic conventions.

## By What Warrant?

The abolition of party national conventions proper, as proposed by the president, would mean the demolition of one of the most inspiring, picturesque, characteristic, and on the whole successful features of American political life.

There is absolutely no commensurate reason or demand for any such arbitrary destruction of a distinctively American institution that is the natural outgrowth of our party system. Must every spontaneous and indigenous political growth in this supposedly free country be mown down by the scythe of statute, to make way for some arbitrary model cut to the pattern of the theory monger?

## Issue Sharply Defined.

The issue created by the new tariff bills is clear and unmistakable. The Republican party has always contended that the remarkable progress and prosperity of the United States have been due in a large measure, to the protective tariff. The Democratic party, presumably, argues that there would have been equal prosperity under a tariff which would force American industry to compete with cheap labor Europe in the American market. The test is now to be made. The country will soon know whether a tariff for revenue only will be as satisfactory as the policy of protection to American industry and labor.

## "The Nonprogressing Party."

Since the Democratic party now occupies the national stage, we had not intended to indulge in speculation respecting other political organizations at this time. Nor shall we do so in any comprehensive way because of the value which should attach to time and space. And yet we can not wholly ignore the suspicion that, if ever remarks are to be adventured concerning the Progressive party, they would better be set forth without delay, to avert a quite strong probability that presently there will be nothing of the kind to write about.—George Harvey in the North American Review.

## Effect of Democratic Tariff.

One of the first real effects of the Democratic tariff measure passed by congress to strike the Wisconsin farmers will be the closing down of the Rock county Sugar company's factory at Janesville. Orders have been received by the management from Capt. James Davidson, the owner, to close down the factory permanently as soon as the present run of sugar is through.—Chicago American.

## Not Likely to Be Tried.

While tariff receipts do not come up to Democratic estimates, the national administration hopes to make up the deficit from the income tax. A pruning of expenditures and promised Democratic economy might, however, be a more effective means of attacking the threatened deficit.

## Remains to Be Seen.

Mr. Wilson seems to be a strict constitutionalist as to Mexico, and a loose constructionist as to the United States. Strange that the party of Jefferson the arch enemy of federalism, should now be making extreme proposals in federalism at which Hamilton and the "monocrats" would have balked! How is the Democratic south, which is so insistent on running its own election in its own way, going to relish Mr. Wilson's move in the direction of further federal interference with elections?

# WAYS OF CHINESE BARBERS

Tonsorial Artists Carry on Their Business in Street in Full View of the Passersby.

London.—The Englishman who shaves himself in the seclusion of his own room, or undergoes the mystic rites at his favorite barber's, would probably be horrified at the idea of submitting to the ordeal in the public street.

In China, however, it is no uncommon thing to see the ceremony performed in public, for Chinese barbers carry on their business in the street in full view of the passersby.

The barber having selected a likely spot for carrying on his trade, sticks to it until custom dwindles, when he transfers his stock-in-trade to another



Chinese Barber at Work.

pitch. In this way he scores over his Western brethren, who, should customers fall, must possess their souls in patience, and cannot go forth in search of them.

Instead of a tariff naming separate charges for hair-cut, shave, and shampoo, the Chinese barber quotes an inclusive rate. In Hankow the charge of 150 cash, or about 3d. in English money, is almost universal, so that if our Chinese friends do not enjoy Western privacy neither do they pay Western prices.

Perhaps the smallness of the charge is due to the fact that these al fresco barbers escape rent and rates, and have no luxurious premises to keep up. It is probable that the average Englishman would cheerfully pay even more than the usual sum rather than undergo such an ordeal in the public streets. These Chinamen are less self-conscious and think nothing of it.

# FINDS OLD OREGON TRAIL MAP

Edmund D. Hicks Made an Interesting Discovery While Rummaging Through an Old Trunk.

Kansas City.—While rummaging around in an old trunk containing a lot of old papers and family effects, Edmund D. Hicks, 2109 Bellevue avenue, found an interesting old map, the property of his father, which outlined the course of the Oregon trail marked out by Capt. John C. Fremont on his western expedition in June, 1842. The course began at Westport landing, near the mouth of the Kaw river, on June 11, and went southwest through the town of Westport across Turkey creek and joined the old Santa Fe trail from Independence, 20 miles from Westport landing.

According to the field notes of Captain Fremont the party halted at noon that day near the spot where Olathe, Kas., now is. They left the Santa Fe trail that same day, and the next day they crossed the Kankarusa river near Lawrence, continuing the course west along the Kaw river. Lawrence, Topeka and other cities now lying along the Kaw are features which have come since the tour of Captain Fremont. None of them is noted on the map. They crossed the Kaw near the present site of Topeka, and struck out north along the Little Blue river, and struck the Platte river at Grand Island. The territory is marked here and there with regard to the Indian tribes encountered. Pawnees, Sioux and Snake Indians inhabited the country they traversed. Notes along the way to Captain Fremont tell posterity that near Westport, elk and deer, the only game, are very scarce.

The first herd of buffalo was sighted by Fremont's party on June 30, 365 miles from Westport landing. Fremont complains from time to time that the Indians steal provisions at night, and on one or two occasions, made an open attack on the scouting party.

The trail ended at Fort Walla Walla, among the Nez Percés Indians, October 27, 1842. The course from Westport landing to its terminus is 1,670 miles long.

The map was made and compiled by Charles Preuss, a member of Fremont's party, in 1846, and was lithographed by order of the United States senate by E. Weber & Co., Baltimore.

## Married Seventy-seven Years.

Syracuse, N. Y.—Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Clemens of Western, N. Y., will on Dec. 7 celebrate the seventy-seventh anniversary of their marriage. The couple, both ninety-eight years of age, hope to make an aeroplane flight on that day.

## Runs Away With Coal Stove.

Patterson, N. J.—Andrew Koolla ran away with the family coal stove and sewing machine in revenge for his wife's act in suing for divorce.

## Dies Rather Than Saw Wood.

Springfield, Mass.—Rather than saw wood, Andrew Chapman, sixteen, hanged himself in his employer's barn.

# ISLAND OF TAHITI

White Men Rare in This South Sea Country.

Is Today the Same Paradise Which Cook Found It, When a Century and a Half Ago He Put Into Pao-Pao to Water Ships.

New York.—To the average traveler Tahiti remains the ill-known. The tourist is not expected there; he is regarded with suspicion. He demands a bath-tub—article undreamed of in the island philosophy—if he demands a reasonable degree of promptness in the every-day affairs of life, he makes other and extraordinary demands. When he realizes that nothing whatever has been done for his amusement or edification, that to the islanders the outer world from which he comes exists only in the imagination; when he realizes these things—as soon he does—it is then that he learns to content himself with things as they are, and to admire the beauties of the place as nature made—and has left them.

There are no towns upon Moorea. White men are a rarity. It is today the island paradise which Cook found it when, a century and a half ago, he put into Pao-Pao to water his ships. Today, also, the native lives the life he did then—the native—ignorant, uncivilized, if you please, but with a voice and manners, a gift of hospitality, which put the white man to shame. Here, more than elsewhere, he seems himself a part of that haunting beauty which surrounds him on every hand.

Here, when the day is done, under the cocoanuts and the bananas, "betwixt the sun and moon upon the shore," the traveler—if he is fortunate enough to have the entire—sits him down, as honored guest, among the retainers of the native chief. Mounted upon a native pony, and in the cool of the morning, he has coursed the wild pig in the shadows of the great crater.



Summer Visitors to Tahiti.

valley. The afternoon has found him away-fishing in the inland lake. Now the shadows are falling, the magical afternoon mists are over the peaks which climb steeply upward before him, and the short twilight is at hand. Presently, the tropic moon will rise to take its course directly overhead, making the weird vistas about him light as day again. He hears the voices about him, prattling in the melodious Maori tongue, and, afar off, the thunder of the surf upon the distant reefs.

He closes his eyes and dreams of a tomorrow like today, and then of still other tomorrows. He has eaten the fat—the island Lotus—and, if he dreams of home, it is as some place which—perhaps—will know him no more.

# THE END TO A FAMOUS SCOUT

Oliver Wiggins, a Denver Pioneer, Dead at Ninety Years—Friend of Kit Carson.

Denver.—Oliver ("Old Scout") Wiggins, one of Denver's most famous early frontiersmen, died at his residence here. He was ninety years old. Wiggins came across the plains in 1838. For a number of years he was a member of Kit Carson's famous company of frontiersmen and served under Carson in the Mexican war, where he was wounded at the Battle of Monterey.

His cabin was one of the first built in Denver. From 1845 to 1855 he was employed as scout, guide and hunter for the immigrant trains across the plains and his knowledge of the frontier extended through the length and breadth of the Rocky mountains.

# TRY GIRL OF 13 FOR MURDER

A Canadian Child Accused of Eating a Playmate to Death With an Iron Shovel.

Prince Albert, Sask.—Kathleen Oika, thirteen years old, of Wakawa, charged with the murder of her nine-year old playmate, Julia Jennings, was put on trial here. The girl is accused of killing the other child by beating her on the head with an iron shovel while they were walking together about eight miles from Wakawa last June.

After the killing Kathleen returned to her home and told her mother that her companion had left her. The following day the body of the child was found on an abandoned homestead.

Diphtheria Traced to Pencils. Suffield, Conn.—Lead pencils, distributed and collected each day in a school here are blamed for an epidemic of diphtheria among the pupils.

# GOOD JOKES

## NATURAL QUERY.

Miss Muffitt had recently joined the Band of Sisters for Befriending Burglars, and was being shown over a prison for the first time.

One prisoner, evidently a man of education, interested her more than the others. He rose and bowed to her when she entered his cell, apologizing for the poverty of his apartment.

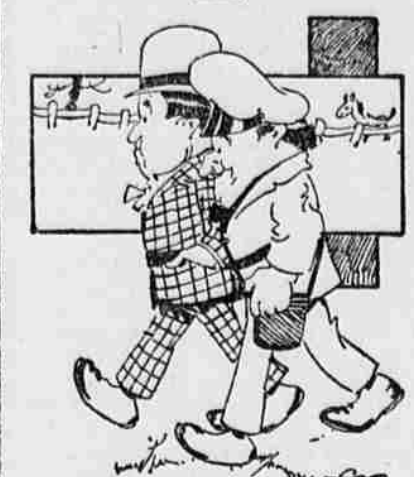
Miss Muffitt could not help wondering how this refined man came within the clutches of the law. In fact, as she was leaving the cell, she said:

"May I ask why you are in this distressing place?"

"Madam," he replied, "I am here for robbery at a seaside hotel."

"How very interesting!" said Miss Muffitt. "Were you—the proprietor?"—London Answers.

## AFTER THE RACES ARE OVER.



"Young Doctor Emdee claims to know a very great deal about race horses."

"Perhaps, but I don't think he's much on a diagnosis. He's better on post-mortem."

## A Hen's Lay.

How wonderful would be the hen if some fine day, when all alone, in place of laying just one egg, she'd go and lay a corner-stone!

## The Perfect Car.

"This story of yours is all right," said the editor, "but your description of the hero's automobile is simply impossible. If there was an automobile made as perfect as the one you describe, I'd buy one tomorrow. Where in the world did you get your ideas?"

"That was easy," replied the author. "I got my friend, Bragley, to describe his new car."—Judge.

## Himilating.

"I see where a prominent young man was accidentally killed while cranking his automobile."

"It must have been a sad blow to his family for the public to know that."

"You mean the news of his death?"

"No, the fact that he didn't own a self-starting machine."

## Her Ailment.

"What's the matter with you, aunty?"

"Oh, I've sufferin' wif plumbago, honey."

"Is the doctor doing anything for you?"

"He said maybe he'd give me a epidemic interjection, yas, honey."

## In Boston.

Friend—This must be bargain day. I never saw such a crowd in your store before.

Dry-Goods Man—I should say it is bargain day. We are selling Homer's "Iliad," in the original Greek, at 98 cents!—Puck.

## NOTHING.



"What were the provisions of your uncle's will?"

"I am to have all he left after the payment of his just debt."

"That was kind. What did he leave?"

"Just debt."

## Dress.

Gorgeous individual (visitor at seaside, running across resident friend)—Thanks for your note, old chap, I'll be delighted to dine with you tonight.

Friend—That's good! By the way, I think I said, Come as you are; but do you mind dressing? We're such plain, simple people.—Punch (London).

## Different.

Some men drink deep to drown regret. While others light a cigarette.



## Don't Do It Again.

"Miss Dubbins—Marrietta," stammered Wimpleton nervously, "er—wow—will yuh—you mum—mum—marry me?"

"Don't you ever ask me a question like that again, Reginald Wimpleton," replied the girl proudly.

"Bub—but wuh—why, Mum—Marrietta?" stammered Wimpleton. "I lul—love you dud—devotedly—"

"Because," the fair girl answered firmly, "because it will not be necessary for you to subject yourself to the nervous strain. I will."—Harper's Weekly.

## Unneighborly.

"About the meanest man I ever knew," said Farmer Cortosel, "lived way out west, where the cyclones blew."

"Did you have personal experience with him?"

"Sure. A windstorm picked up my house and blew the whole family over on to his farm."

"Wouldn't he come to your assistance?"

"No. He rushed off and got a lawyer to bring action against us for trespass!"

## A Practical Soul.

Not long ago a country parson went to preach in an old remote parish in the southern part of Maine. The aged sexton, in taking him to the place, insinuatingly said:

"I jest do hope you won't mind preachin' from the chancel. Ye see, this is a quiet place, no children about, an' I've got a duck a-settin' on fourteen eggs in the pulpit."—Harper's Magazine.

## In the Thirties.

An Envious Contemporary (to Miss Budding)—And so you are really engaged to Mr. Timid Smithkins?

Miss Budding (quite provokingly)—Yes, dear; and I want you to suggest something sweet and tender to go in my engagement ring.

Envious Contemporary—If I were in your place I'd just have the simple word Eureka.—Puck.

## ILLUSTRATIONS.



The Writer—Can you use an article on King Solomon?

Magazine Editor—Yes, if you can furnish a set of portraits of his wives.

## Jarred the Infant.

The Boston baby cried all night; His nurse has foolish ways And rashly told him Bacon might Have written Shakespeare's plays.

## Somewhat Ambiguous.

"We were playing bridge. Wombat led the ace of hearts, and while I was looking my hand over he kissed my pretty partner."

"What did you do?"

"I followed suit."

## Finishing Up.

Mr. Gibson—Haven't you got that new dress planned yet?

Mrs. Gibson—Nearly. I shall only have to have one more talk about it.

Mr. Gibson—I should think you would get tired of talking with that dressmaker.

Mrs. Gibson—Oh, I'm through with her; I'm all ready to consult the police now!—Judge.

## Anything to Please.

"What's the baby crying for now?" asked the head of the house from the depth of his paper.

"He wants his own way," answered the mother.

"Well, if it's his, said the absent-minded man, "why don't you let him have it?"—Punch.

## Finishing Her Education.

"In the old days a genteel school taught a young lady how to enter a measure, to courtesy, how to tread a room."

"And now?"

"Now she is taught how to mix a cocktail and tell a few smoking-room stories."

## That's Human.

All kindly humor makes a hit With men of sense. But few of us care much for wit At our expense.

## Boarding House Repartee.

He was one of those fresh young fellows, given to the use of bromide and stale slang. At the breakfast table, desiring the milk, he exclaimed: "Chase the cow down this way, please."

"Here, Jane," said the landlady; "take the cow down to where the call is bawling."

## Heading Him Off.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy." Now—

"So does our father. Were you going to tell me something smart that your little boy had said?"

"All I have to say to you, sir, is good-day!"

## ERUPTION DISFIGURED FACE

Lock Box 35, Maurice, Ia.—"In the spring of 1911 our little daughter, age five years, had a breaking out on her lip and part of her cheek that we took for ringworm. It resembled a large ringworm, only it differed in that it was covered with watery blisters that itched and burned terribly, made worse by her scratching it. Then the blisters would break through and let out a watery substance. She was very cross and fretful while she had it and had very little rest at night. When the eruption was at its worst the teacher of the school sent her home and would not allow her to attend until the disfigurement of her face was gone.

"I wrote and received a sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, which we used according to directions, and they gave instant relief, so we bought some more. It gradually grew better. We kept on using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and in three or four months the child was entirely cured." (Signed) Mr. Henry Prins, Oct. 22, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

## Contrary Effect.

"Hasn't this been raw weather?"

"Yes, and it is odd, considering how well it has been roasted."

## INVALIDS AND CHILDREN

should be given MAGEE'S EMULSION to strengthen the body. Never fails. All druggists.

A man is soon forgotten after he is dead, unless you happen to marry his widow.

A man may have to go to jail in order to get the living the world owes him.

A simple remedy against coughs and all throat irritations are Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops—5c at all good Druggists.

Many a man has killed himself from overwork inventing labor-saving machinery.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children's teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

## The Reason.

"Mabel is always in a pet."

"That's why she isn't one."—Baltimore American.

## GO TO, WESTERN CANADA NOW

The opportunity of securing free homesteads of 160 acres each, and the low priced lands of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, will soon have passed.

Canada offers a hearty welcome to the Settler, to the man with a family looking for a home; to the farmer's son, to the renter, to all who wish to live under better conditions.

Canada's grain yield in 1913 is the talk of the world. Luxuriant Grasses give cheap fodder for large herds; cost of raising and fattening for market is a trifle.

The sum realized for Beef, Butter, Milk and Cheese will pay fifty per cent on the investment.

Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

W. S. NETHERY, Interurban Bldg., Columbus, Ohio

Canadian Government Agt.

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That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days.

They do their duty. Cure Constipation, Bilelessness, Indigestion and Sick Headache.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Don't Cut Out A SHOE BOIL, CAPPED HOCK OR BURSTITIS FOR ABSORBINE

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ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for man and horse. For Boils, Blisters, Old Sores, Swellings, Varicose Veins, Venereal Ulcers, Itchy Skin, etc. Price \$1 and \$2 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Will tell more if you write.

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